

LIST OF MANUSCRIPTS BY DONALD GRAHAM

1. A MIDNIGHT OCCURENCE 1867-1868 (CAMPE VERDE, ARIZONA)

Joined the army, the 14th Infantry, in 1867 in Buffalo, New York. Describes an incident on the way from Prescott, Arizona, to Campe Berde, Arizona. The actual "Midnight Occurence" described herein could have been one of Grandfather's attempts to create an article which would sell to one of the western magazines. (Personal notes taken from what Grandfather told 15 years ago indicate that he was in the army about 2 years or until about 1869 when he returned by train to St. Louis - he indicates that he then revisited relatives in Guelf Ontario before moving on to Manitoba in 1870.) Can you throw any light on his wanderings during this period?

2. MANITOBA EXPERIENCES NO. 1 1870-1871

(The back of this manuscript is labeled "Boatmen Reminiscences" and another note says "Published by The Family Herald and Weekly Star and paid for by the Star" - Pages 1 and 2 of this manuscript are missing - the attached text was typed from pages 3 through 6.) Pertains to Riel Rebellion in 1870 and entry of volunteer troops into upper Fort Garry by boat where they found Riel had cleared out soon before. Don Graham was a boatman on this expedition and was paid off in Winnipeg. He visited Portage La Prairie, Rat Creek, Lake Manitoba, etc. In the winter he went into business as a fur trader or more properly, a peddler. In spring of 1871 he bought a Red River cart and made a freighting trip to the Northwest angle on the Lake of the Woods, returned to Winnipeg and then hired out with his cart to a party surveying lands east of the Red River and later along the White Mud River in Southern Manitoba until October 1871.

3. MANITOBA EXPERIENCES NO. 2 1871-1872

(This manuscript is incomplete; typewritten page numbers from 16 to 20 have been crossed out and replaced by numbers from 13 to 17.) The first part of this manuscript duplicates almost word for word the experiences as a freighter and peddler and the work with the survey party in No 2 but indicates that after October 1871 he obtained employment at Lower Fort Garry where a sawmill was kept busy sawing logs for a steamer which was launched in the spring of 1872.

4. EXPERIENCES ON THE ALBERTA PLAINS 1872-1873

(Published in the Edmonton Journal, February 9, 1924 and Alberta Historical Review, V.4 # 1, Winter 1956) Traveled from Winnipeg to Edmonton in a Red River Cart in summer of 1872. Spent fall and winter of 1872 with Donald Todd hunting on Alberta Plains. Migrated southward to a post south of the Bow River during March 1873 where he participated in wolfing activities and thence to Fort Whoop-up.

5. ALBERTA EXPERIENCE 1873 - CYPRESS HILLS MASSACRE

(Published in Montana magazine of History, V. 3 # 4, 1953) The journey from Whoop-up to a point near Fort Benton. Theft of 22 horses. Organization of a search party to recover horses at Fort Benton. The northward search to Cypress Hills and the ensuing "massacre". Then on back to Fort Whoop-up and a visit to an indian encampment near Whoop-up to search for their horses, thence back to Fort Benton.

6. HUNTING EXPERIENCES - WHITE TAILED DEER

7. HUNTING EXPERIENCES - BIGHORN SHEEP

Nos. 6 and 7 describe hunting experiences with Jake Siebon near the Siebon brothers' ranch, located south of the Missouri River and Fort Benton. These experiences most likely took place in the Highwood Mountains lying south of the Missouri, and I have inferred that they occurred soon after his return to Fort Benton, possibly the winter of 1873-1874.

8. FLOATING ICE

This manuscript records the experiences of a survey party crossing the ice-clogged North Thompson River between its junction with the Clearwater River and Kamloops. The party was returning to Kamloops after walking all the way from "Mt. Summit" in the Rocky Mountains. I don't know whether the survey party had been working on the CNR route through Jasper or on the CPR route through Lake Louise and Kicking Horse Canyon. Maybe you know which one it was and have some idea of the years during which he worked on this survey. I have guessed that it was possibly along about 1875 to 1876.

"THE BIG GAP" by Gordon

Grandfather's travels during the period from 1873 through the time he actually started farming in Armstrong is uncertain as far as most of the scanty data I have is concerned. The first really

concise record I next find of him is when he married January 7, 1885, and became First Reeve of Spallumcheen in October 1892. I have surmised from the data I have and a few notes I took during conversations with him that after 1873 he probably spent several more years hunting, etc., through Montana, possibly through Oregon and Washington and up into the Okanogan Valley and the Kamloops area. This would take us to say about 1875. Then I surmise that he worked at various jobs in the Okanogan Valley area and on the railroad survey - say during 1876 and 1877 or later. I don't know when he actually started farming and I surmise he farmed at some place for a time before finally settling down at the Armstrong farm, say in 1885. You might say that the years 1873 to 1880 are vague and the years from 1880 to 1892 are almost a complete blank. I have about twenty of the Reminiscences and Scottish Reminiscences published in the Armstrong Advertiser during the 1920's. Lots of places and people are mentioned, but there is nary a date to tie things down.

(The following manuscripts pertain to happenings in and around Armstrong and the Okanogan Valley.)

9. THE MURDER OF JOHN USHER 1877

Tells story of murder of John Usher, Constable of Kamloops, by the McLean boys.

10. CAMELS - 1877

Experience with camels at Grand Prairie on trip between Armstrong (?) and Kamloops.

11. CATTLE STEALING 1885-1889

Cattle stealing by butchers in the Vernon area - incident occurred between 1885 and 1889.

12. BUTCHERING - 1892 (?)

Another cattle stealing incident in the Armstrong area - occurred during or after 1892 as Donald Graham was a Justice of the Peace at the time and sat in on the trial.

13. BILL MINER TRAIN HOLDUP 1885-1889

An account of Bill Miner's train holdup and escape. This incident has to occur after the CPR was built through Kamloops.

14. WILD HORSES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The occurrence and roundup of wild horses during the "middle nineties" in British Columbia. (One or more pages of this manuscript were missing - this was typed from pages 1 to 6.)

15. BLACK BEAR

A bear kills one of Donald Graham's pigs. Presumably at Armstrong - year not given.

16. HOCKEY BUS (SHORT, SHORT STORY)

Story of the near drowning of a hockey team when their bus went off the landing at Kelowna. Presumably Vernon is returning from a hockey game at Penticton via the Kelowna ferry. Grandfather's title, "Short, Short Story," suggests that this may be fiction or part fact and part fiction. Do you know?

17. AN ANXIOUS NIGHT

The story of Grandfather's trip to see his sick son, Donald, in Toronto.

18. A FULL DAY

Page 1 and part of page 4 of this manuscript reviews certain incidents in "Cypress Hills Massacre" No. 5 but the balance of the story presents a different picture than that contained in the "Cypress Hills Massacre". Pages 10 and 11 of "Cypress Hills Massacre" describes the return of the search party to Fort Whoop-up and a friendly visit to a nearby indian village to search for their horses and their failure to find them. The "A Full Day" manuscript, however, tells a rather adventurous tale of Tom Hardwicke, Van, and Donald following the indians for miles, of building a raft to cross a river, sneaking into the indian camp to steal the indian's horses, and of the death and burial of Van.

During Grandfather's "later years", he tried to sell stories to "Western magazines" and I interpret "A Full Day", while based on some incidents described elsewhere in his writings, to be a bit of adventurous fiction created to sell to some Western magazine.

I therefore have not typed up copies of this story because it suffers when compared to the factual account given in the "Cypress Hills Massacre". Do you know anything about this?

A MIDNIGHT OCCURENCE

(TYPED FROM ORIGINAL HANDWRITTEN MANUSCRIPT)

In 1867 being then just one year out from Scotland, myself and a companion went from Canada to Buffalo, New York. I had read a good deal of Western literature, in fact, beginning in/or at a very impressionable and trusting age by purchasing the first twenty-one of Beadle's ten-cent novels. That and subsequent reading making America the land of promise for me.

I will say this though that possibly as much real downright pleasurable excitement as I ever got was as a boy in Scotland standing on top of a rabbit warren with from ten to twenty entrances, a muzzled ferret inside and me listening to the thump, thump of the rabbit down below as the ferret worried him and wondering which hole he would pop out at and trying hard to keep an eye on all of them. When he does finally bolt, it comes as near to flying as a four footed animal ever comes and one has to be fairly quick on the trigger to get one. But, oh, the joy of a twelve year old when he bowls one over.

At the time we got to Buffalo, the U.S. government was enlisting men to be sent out to the 14th Infantry in Arizona. This is my chance, I thought, and myself and companion promptly enlisted. It is true that twenty-one years was the age requirement and we were only nineteen, but we found it easy to get over that difficulty.

The incident which I am relating occurred the following year. A dozen men in charge of a sergeant, we were on our way from Prescott, Arizona to Camp Verde. This was at a time when the Apache Indians were at their

worst. The names of the two chiefs oftenest heard of were Geronimo and Cochise and they certainly were a couple of blood thirsty rascals who were making things lively for small parties of white men moving over the roads and trails. Only a short time before a young fellow had been killed whilst carrying mail on the route we were on. At the time, he had in one of his pockets one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "Peak". This somewhat gruesome relic, so discolored with the former owner's blood as to be almost unreadable, had come into my possession and I was just reading it. Some of my companions looked askance at it, particularly an Irishman called Pat.

"Sure", he says, "you will see spooks if you carry a thing like that around with you." We had plenty to remind us, as we passed along, of the activity of the Apaches. We stopped to examine a place when a supply train had been waylaid a month before, one of the escort killed, three wounded and two of the wagons falling into the possession of the Indians. Their preparations had been simple. We found thirty little circles of stones in the brush near the road, behind these they had laid quietly until the train came along. It was a complete surprise.

We intended camping at Seneca Springs that night, a very nice camping ground but nevertheless, one of evil reports, numerous parties having been attacked there. In fact, there was a dead mule that had been shot not far away and as the wind was variable blowing sometimes in our direction, the reminder of former occurrences was at times anything but pleasant. All of which I suppose tended to make us a bit nervous and we in consequence kept a sharp lookout.

My turn to do sentry duty came about midnight. As the night was cloudy and dark but with a narrow strip of clear sky at the horizon, after a time I lay down as I could see better between me and the strip of blue sky. After I had been there for sometime, I heard a slight noise in front of me, listening carefully, it seemed to be coming in my direction and after a little I could actually hear it breathing. An Indian evidently I thought, but he does not know I am here. Gathering myself together with one spring I was on top of him, very fortunately getting him by the throat at once. He gave a tremendous heave almost throwing me off. I grasped at his throat the tighter and dashed him back to the ground with all my strength. Such a terrible noise I have seldom heard, but it woke me up as it did everyone else in camp. I found then, that it was my sleeping partner whom I had been man-handling so severely, a job I would not have been so ready to undertake if wide awake. He thought that an Indian had him and that I was trying to save him. He heard me say quite distinctly, "Oh, you needn't, I've got you." Of course, there was great excitement in camp, in fact, I was the only one who was not excited. It struck me as being something very funny so I lay down and laughed heartily until from the muttered threats and looks cast in my direction I came to the conclusion that I was in for a severe manhandling myself if I did not stop my mirth which I very promptly proceeded to do.

It was some time before the excitement subsided and we were all under the blankets again. However, that did not end the affair. The one who was actually doing sentry duty had been as excited as the balance of the bunch. We were not asleep until his rifle rang out and he came running

into camp, yelling Indians. He said that he had shot at one and was almost sure he had got him. We all lay as though ready for a half hour or more. By this time the clouds had lifted a bit and gave more light. The sentry suddenly turned to the sergeant. "There, don't you see one out there now?"

"Why you d_____ idiot" said the sergeant, "that is a bush" and so it proved to be. With a look in my direction, "what sort of a crazy bunch have I got along with me?" Needless to say the night was a badly broken one.

The following morning Pat spoke up - "didn't I tell you, you'd see spooks - sure, and you are in luck that you haven't got murder on your soul this morning. A fellow who would carry the likes of that book around with him doesn't know as much as a last year's bird nest with the bottom kicked out of it". At which they all laughed and I was very well contented to let it go at that.

DONALD GRAHAM

After passing lower Fort Garry I noticed Capt. Baker (afterwards General) riding on horseback on the east bank of the river, scouting ahead of us. I noticed no one on the west bank of the river but I am sure one or more were there as the Colonel was too careful a commander to move forward without taking precautions.

When we arrived within a few miles of upper Fort Garry the troops disembarked and moved on to the fort whilst the boatman received orders to stay where they were. However, a fair wind had started upstream and the temptation was very great as all hands were anxious to see the fun if there was to be any. Who started it I do not know, but someone did, and in less than five minutes all sails were set and we went upstream with a spanking breeze. Indeed we were at the fort as soon as the troops. It was, however, a very tame arrival; Riel and his crowd had cleared out on the approach of the expedition. The report around was that they had left so hurriedly that a warm meal was still on the table. Quite a number of the boatmen decided to stay in Manitoba and were paid off there, the writer of this article being among them. I have read of muddy little York but if it was ever any muddier than Winnipeg when the expedition arrived there, it must have been pretty bad. The Colonel, finding out I suppose that there was no danger and also that the troops had had a very strenuous time in coming here, gave a large proportion of them a day off which was taken full advantage of. The three or four saloons in town certainly did a roaring business. Numerous grudges were settled that afternoon amongst the members of the 60th Rifles particularly. We would see a couple of them talking neither loud nor angrily, square off, and settle the grievance

right there and then and they apparently could box. In fact, I saw only one instance where it was not a straight boxing match. One chap, pretty full himself, had got a friend into a wheelbarrow to take him back to camp. As we came along he was attempting to wheel his friend on a plank over a particularly wet muddy spot and unfortunately upset the wheelbarrow, friend, and all into the mud also losing his own balance going over with them. The one in the barrow got up first, he was very indignant and jumped the good Samaritan at once. "What the bloody 'ell do you mean you bloody idiot? You are bloody well not worth 'ittin". He thereupon took up a handful or two of mud and threw it in his face. There must have been some beautiful specimens of the natty 60th was returned to camp that night. The population of Manitoba at that time was put at 11,000 practically all of them strung along the banks of the Red River and the Assinaboine. The farms were all narrow; the standard width of the Hudsons Bay allotments seemed to be 12 chains or 24 yards. This had often been subdivided again to give to the children as they grew up. There were numerous places only six chains wide, and indeed in quite a number of instances that had been subdivided again so that it was not uncommon to find farms only three chains wide but two miles long. By the time outhouses and all were built they had the appearance from a little distance, at any rate in Kildonan, as if it were all along village street. A friend and I decided we would see what the country looked like and started on foot to Portage La Prairie, passed through Headingly Whitehorse Plains as we went calling in at houses here and there, both French and English; we were always received civilly and hospitably and if any enmity was felt by the French we did not see it.

One half-breed's house near Silver Heights did show a little but not to us individually. Some reference was made to the recent trouble and he did show some bitterness because the Scotch had not joined them. "We will get even on the Scotch yet for that". That was all he said but he was quite anxious to sell out and offered us his farm of about one hundred acres for £6 - less than \$30. As it happened we called in at John Narquay's home also and had a talk with him. He was just a big square build rough looking man with a rather large head. No one would have thought from his appearance then that he would ever accomplish what he did or ever be as prominent a figure in Manitoba as he finally became. We passed through Portage La Prairie the following day, and went on to Rat Creek which was the furthest west point of settlement at that time. There we found a curly headed boy of seventeen who was the son of a Mr. McKenzie, an Ontario settler who had gone back for his family. The son was left there alone - breaking land; he told us he had forty acres broken and ready for seeding next spring. We were pleased to pass the night there and he was pleased to have us. He was quite cheerful but must have been very lonesome at times. That evening we noticed a long string of carts coming from the West and camped about half a mile away. The following morning they left early but there was one tent still up. By and by a half-breed rode up and told us the tent was occupied by a small pox patient too ill to move. We thanked him for the warning but forgot to ask whether he or she had an attendant or not. Smallpox was epidemic amongst the western Indians in 1870, hundreds of them dying of the disease. We were told they relied

solely on the Indian remedy of a tightly closed small tepee, where a number of stones heated red hot were brought, then the patient would crawl in with a pan of water, close all apertures behind him, then sprinkle the stones with the water thus filling the tepee with steam until he got into a profuse sweat. He would then crawl out and jump into cold water. Within a day or less they were invariably dead. It was during this same season that Col. Baker went out with a troop of U.S. Cavalry to punish a party of marauding Indians. He ran across a smallpox infected camp of Blackfeet occupied by none but the sick and the old who could not get away. Not knowing the state of affairs and thinking it to be the Indians he was looking for, he attacked the camp killing quite a number of them before their condition was discovered. I suppose it was one of those unfortunate mistakes of which the least said the better. We returned to the Portage where we stayed the night, calling at an old Highlander's house where we spent a good part of the evening. They had a big buxom good looking daughter who, whenever she rode out whilst the Riel crowd was in possession at Fort Garry, had a revolver strapped to her side; had occasion arisen the general verdict was that she would have used it. Whilst we were talking her beau came in, so they quietly withdrew to another room. Presently, we heard a most decided smack of which there was no mistaking the meaning. The mother turned and said "Clementina, Clementina, don't ring that bell so loud". Clementina didn't.

We decided to see Lake Manitoba whilst we were in the country and got into a section covered with long reed-like grass which reminded one of the grass one reads of in South Africa, eight or nine feet high; we

walked ourselves tired and as it was getting late we decided to camp for the night. Not having any bedding we cut alot of the long grass and covered ourselves with it. Manitoba nights were getting chilly so we passed anything but a comfortable night. We had had all we wanted of exploration so were up with the sun or before it and made a bee line for Winnipeg.

That winter there was but little work for the numerous men around so I decided to turn fur trader. I thought there must be lots of fur in a country like this so bought a lot of odds and ends needed in every house and started out. There was no difficulty in selling stuff and at a profit too, but fur was woefully scarce and I only got a skin or two of very doubtful value. I was fairly successful otherwise; one day I dropped into a house where I think even yet I saw one of the best looking girls in Manitoba, and lively at that. We laughed and joked and I of course sold a few things. On leaving she said I was the first funny peddler she had seen in a long time. My, my, what a take down. There was something romantic about the idea of being a fur trader but a peddler? I took the matter into consideration and said to myself "Young fellow you are making a living and a bit more, and there is not another loose footed man in Winnipeg doing that, so you will just have to stick to it until something else turns up" which I did.

We had elections in plenty that winter. First, came that for the local legislature to which John Norquay was elected; amongst the others were some fairly good, and others whose usefulness was very doubtful. With-

in a month quite a common remark to hear on the streets was "John Norquay seems to have more good sound horse sense than any other in the assembly" and some even went far enough to think he had all of it. We also had a Dominion election later on. Dr. Schultz in opposition to Donald A. Smith. There was a good deal of misconception as to the attitude of the Hudson's Bay men generally, no one seemed to be aware that the Dominion Government had requested Smith to act as an intermediary between the Government and the half-breeds so as to smooth over any difficulties which might still exist; possibly it was better not announced. There had been quite a number of the volunteers discharged at their own request, so eastern men were quite numerous and had the idea the Hudson's Bay officials were half-breed sympathisers at heart. When the election was on Dr. Schultz walked in where a crowd of us were collected one evening. "Boys", he said, "Donald Smith is holding a meeting at Barber's store tonight, suppose we go down and hear what they have to say". All hands jumped up at once and followed him. When we got there we found ourselves decidedly in the majority. Mr. Strong, Bannatyne and Begg's book-keeper was just moving that Donald A. Smith take the chair when one of our chaps jumped up and moved an amendment that Dr. Schultz take the chair. The motion was put and carried so the Doctor took the chair. He called upon the other party to speak but no one responded, so he expounded his own views of the situation and declared the meeting closed. He had not reached the door before Strong was on his feet again moving that Smith take the chair. As soon as the Doctor heard him, he said, "Oh, if the meeting is not over, I am still chairman" and returned to the chair. He sat there for a few

minutes but as no one would speak he got up and left the room, his crowd following him. My nearest neighbour whispered to me "let us stay and hear what they have to say". We found they had plenty to say. Strong was on his feet at once and certainly gave the Doctor and his crowd a thorough dressing down, we were nothing but a lot of rowdies and toughs and everything else he could lay his tongue to. My friend got mad at last jumped up and called out in their defense, "Loyal men, loyal men."

Fortunately, they were so busy listening to Strong's denunciations that they did not hear him. I at once pulled him back into his seat and said, "You d---d fool, if they notice us they'll kick us out". So Donald A. Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) took the chair. We all know now he was a very able man but I imagine he could not have had much experience as a public speaker up to that time. Whatever he may have become later he was a poor speaker then, very hesitating with constant interjections of Oh's and Ah's. The Doctor won the election easily. A story went the rounds later which considering the time and place as well as the political standard generally is quite believable. It seems quite a few of the most influential men had stoves sent to them by the doctor which they looked upon as a gift in consideration of their support. However, when everything had quieted down bills in every instance followed the stoves which created good deal of gossip, laughter and chaffing.

When spring arrived, as there was not much doing, I invested in a Red River cart - minus tires of course, and a horse, etc. Settlers were expected in over the Dawson route and the Government officials were supposed to send vehicles of some sort after them, to what was called the North West Angle on the Lake of the Woods. It was said to be ninety miles. When I arrived there I found a surveyor, Mr. Pelly, waiting very

patiently or more likely the reverse as there were hordes of mosquitoes around. He was on his way with a crew of men to assist in surveying the public lands of the Province. I don't know what sort of conveyance he expected but he had been there for a day or two and certainly never expected a Red River cart. Their effects loaded not only the cart but the horse as well to its utmost capacity. It reminded me of the traveller in Norway who found on getting into a big lumbering coach of some description that first, second, and third class passengers were there, all paying the same fare. However, when they came to the foot of a hill he found out the reason. The driver opened a panel behind him and called down, first class passengers remain where you are, second class passengers get out and walk, third class get out and push. My passengers were all third class or worse, the roads were muddy and they had to walk all of the time and push a good part of it. The mosquitoes would make anyone glad to push in order to get out of there. When we arrived in Winnipeg I, of course, hied me to the Government official, a somewhat arrogant namesake of mine, clad in a velvet jacket and of course, a few more things. It was with great difficulty I got \$2.00 per day out of him for the time I was absent. Perhaps I should have expected it as he was Scotch. Thus my career as a freighter ended even more suddenly than that of a peddler. We understood that some thirty or more parties of surveyors had come up to Red River to survey the country generally preparing for the expected advent of settlers. The arrangement with them, I understand, was that they were to receive \$8.00 per running mile for all land surveyed and in case of running into timber an additional \$4.00 would be allowed. Most of them brought

their gangs of workmen along with them but had no means of conveyance so I got a chance to hire cart and horse also, in fact, it needed two carts to move food, bedding and equipment. I was fortunate in so far as I was employed by a very fine man and a first class surveyor. He brought his crew with him, seven of us all told. They had all been business men and one retired army man spying out the lay of the land and possible prospects ahead. The first township surveyed was east of the Red River about twenty miles; by the numerous haystacks I should judge it must have been a bit wetter than most of the prairie lands. The party ran into some bad luck as a prairie fire started up some distance away. We thought it could be easily stopped when it came to our own camp but a strong wind sprang up so that the flames were carried seven or eight feet ahead and tents and food were burned up. The whole party however saved their own personal effects. We took refuge at a neighboring haystack, a very good thing for the owner as we saved the stack. We counted thirty other haystacks burning around us. This of course necessitated the getting of more tents and food. The fire was bad enough but when we heard shortly afterwards that the Fenians had crossed the border at Pembina, it looked as if surveying was ended for that year. The volunteers had been discharged and most of them gone back east so it was up to all able bodied men to hasten to Winnipeg at once. The following day however Mr. Lindsay, who was surveyor General for the Province, sent messengers to all surveying parties requesting them to keep on at their work, and if the situation became serious they would all be called in and formed into a military unit. Prompt steps had been taken at Winnipeg and a muster of men made

at once some two hundred responding, the majority of whom had belonged to the volunteers. Mr. Armstrong, a former volunteer officer, was in charge of former military supplies at Fort Garry and received great praise for the expeditions manner in which arms and supplies were supplied to the men. I do not recall who was in command but they were on their way to Pembina the following morning. However, the Fenians retired hastily when they found there was to be some resistance. After finishing the Township we were working on, our next assignment was about eighty miles west on the White Mud River where we worked until October. Which reminds me that in talking of the expected influx of settlers it was quite a common remark by those who professed to know "No use of them going more than one hundred miles west of Winnipeg" the time between spring and autumn frosts is too close together, everything will freeze on them. Possibly according to conditions there at the time there may have been some foundation in the claim. The first Red Fyfe wheat was brought into Manitoba in 1876. It proved to be ten days earlier in ripening than the varieties hitherto in use which gave a great fillip to wheat production. It was found however that the time between fall and spring frosts was still dangerously close. However, when the two Sandersons, father and son, introduced Marquis wheat, a variety which ripened in one hundred days, all danger of frosts seemed to be past excepting in the lowland. Since that time Garnet and Reward wheats ripening a few days earlier than Marquis have been produced, so that it seems now as if the limit for wheat production may be very close to the Arctic circle.

Donald Graham

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It was only one hundred and eighty miles there and back, but it took one nearly two weeks to make the trip. (Mr. Pelly was later a neighbor of mine in B.C.) When we arrived in Winnipeg I hied me to the Govt. official at once. He proved to be a somewhat arrogant individual, and also a namesake of my own, clad in a velvet jacket and of course a few other things. It was with the greatest difficulty I got \$2.00 per day out of him. Perhaps I should have expected it as he was Scotch. Thus my career as a freighter ended more suddenly than did that of a peddler. I found conditions had changed a good deal whilst I had been gone. About thirty surveyors had come into Red River in order to have as much land as possible surveyed, preparing for the expected advent of settlers. Most of them had come via the U.S. as it was both quicker and easier traveling. The arrangement with them was that they would receive \$8.00 per running mile for all the land surveyed. If they should run into timber an additional four dollars would be allowed them. The only timber which they would likely meet being small poplar. The only other arrangement was that in completing the survey of a Township it should close up within a specified number of feet. I was to receive \$2.00 per day for myself, horse and cart. I hired to a very fine man and a first class surveyer. He had brought his crew along with him, six men all told, all of them business men, excepting one retired army officer. They came looking for possible chances ahead of them.

The first township surveyed was east of the Red River about twenty miles. By the numerous hay stacks and length of the grass it must have been a good deal wetter during spring than most prairie land. The

usual custom being that farmers mowed around an acreage of land, which he deemed would yield sufficient hay for his needs. His right to the enclosed area was questioned by no one. It was the custom of the country and was observed faithfully. Each hay stack when completed had a strip of land ploughed around it as a fire guard. Our company ran into bad luck before we were there very long. A prairie fire started up some distance away. We thought we would have no difficulty in stopping it and saving the camp, but when it came a strong wind had arisen and the flames were carried seven or eight feet ahead of the fire. Each one caught up their own belongings and made for a nearby haystack. A very good thing for the owner as we saved the stack. We counted thirty blazing stacks around us. There were quite a number of stacks all right. We concluded they were those with wider ploughed fire guards. The surveyor left at once for Winnipeg and was back again next day, with a supply of provisions and an Army Bell tent, which gave plenty of room for the whole lot of us. Fine progress was made with the surveying of the Township. We always took a lunch with us and worked until six o'clock. On coming in one day our cook was gone. He left a note behind stating that he was fed up with cooking, and was on his way to the "land of the free and the home of the brave." He had made some excuse for collecting his pay the day before. No one was willing to cook, he finally turned to me. "Well, Donald," he said, "you must cook until I can get someone. You are the only one who has camped out before, and cooked for yourself." I did not find it half bad. Passenger pigeons were very numerous and I had plenty of time to do as I pleased. I had a nice double barrelled shotgun, so I went out daily, until I got fourteen pigeons, when I returned to camp. I used no frills in picking

them, but skinned them instead which took very little time, cleaned them thoroughly and in a very short time had the lot into a pan and in the oven of our sheet iron stove, two for each man. They sure did enjoy those roasted pigeons, plenty for every one but no remnants left. I varied this twice during my term as cook (seven or eight days) by going after ducks. There was one to each man, no mallards, all smaller ducks and harder to get than pigeons.

There was a rookery of Passenger Pigeons about thirty miles from where I lived in the early spring of 1870. Myself and two other young chaps, determined to visit it. We sailed up the Georgian Bay (of Lake Huron) to the nearest point to the rookery, Wiarton. Pigeons were everywhere, at one point where beech trees were numerous, the noise of the pigeons scratching amongst the leaves was such that it was hard to think of a comparison, unless it might be one hundred or more creeks, jammed into one, and flowing over gravel and stone. In the rookery itself they were in thousands. We were told that every week several railway car loads of squabs were sent to the large American cities. We could see numerous large limbs where they had been broken off the trees by the weight of pigeons sitting upon them. Still not many years later an American University offered \$500 to any one who would bring them two living specimens and no takers. It must have been an epidemic to reduce the millions of them like that. There must have been hundreds of such rookeries in the U.S. and Canada.

I was glad when the new cook arrived, and possibly the others were also, no more pigeons but bread and other things, quite a bit better.

The survey of the Township was nearly completed when word reached us that the Fenians had crossed the border at Pembina (North Dakota). That finishes the surveying we thought, as all the able-bodied men in the country will have to turn out to meet them. But the following morning a messenger arrived from Mr. Lyndsay, who was Surveyor General for Manitoba. Keep right on with the surveying, should the necessity arise all the surveying parties will be called in and formed into a unit. Winnipeg was seething with excitement. Prompt steps had been taken and a muster of men made at once, some two hundred or more responding, the majority of them being former members of the volunteers. Mr. Armstrong, a former volunteer officer, was in charge of military supplies, and was left behind when the volunteers were disbanded. Great praise was given him for the expeditious manner in which arms and supplies had been handed out to the men, who were across the Assinaboine and on their way to Pembina the following morning. The Fenians however, hurried back across the border when they heard of the advance. In the city itself, a big young Irishman was arrested, being suspected of having Fenian sympathies. He was released, however, when the excitement died down as the only thing which could be proven against him was his nationality.

Upon completing the Township we were on, our next assignment was eighty miles to the west, on the White Mud River. This was an entirely different sort of country. The land was drier with considerable areas of poplar timber scattered throughout the Township. Indeed it looked to our party as being a much more favorable locality for settlement. At the

same time I could not but think of statements of old time residents the previous winter. "No use of settlers going more than one hundred miles west of Winnipeg, their crops will all be frozen." I think the first consignment of Red Fyfe wheat for seed was in 1876. It proved to be nearly two weeks earlier in ripening than the wheat which had been hitherto used, it gave quite an impetus to wheat production. Still later the work of the Sandersons, father and son, in the production of Marquis wheat, a very fine variety and ten days earlier in ripening, than Red Fyfe, seemed to save the situation, when that variety was followed by Reward and Garnet, both varieties a few days earlier in ripening than Marquis, the agricultural area of the Dominion seemed to be extended nearly to the Arctic Circle.

The second Township was completed without trouble, although not until Oct. 5th when the ground was white with snow. The winter of 71 and 2 was very much better, in so far as labour was concerned as the Hudson Bay Co. were constructing a steamer at Lower Fort Garry. A sawmill was kept busy for the whole winter sawing up oak logs for the building of the steamer which was launched in the spring of 1872 and duly christened as the Chief Commissioner. The two combined gave employment to quite a number of men. The influx of settlers also helped with increased building activity.

I obtained employment at Lower Fort Garry, and heard of some of the trouble which the Quebec contingent of volunteers met with there. The Colonel in command had determined that when his command was disbanded, they would leave behind them a name for sobriety and orderly behavior. As a means to that end, an order was promulgated that no liquor could be sold

within several miles of the Fort. Possibly the rank and file of the men did not like having their undoubted rights curtailed in that manner. Bootleggers were selling liquor all through the timbers near the Fort, and the battalion was fast becoming disreputable - the very reverse of what the commander intended. After a month or more the order was reversed. Strange to say, the battalion in a very short time became as sober and orderly as any one might wish for.

EXPERIENCES ON THE ALBERTA PLAINS 1872-1873

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(Typed from old typewritten manuscript)

In the summer of 1872, having always had a hunting bug in my bonnet, I left Winnipeg in a Red River cart enroute for Edmonton, determined to have a go at the buffalo.

That fall, I made arrangements with Donald Todd, a half-breed, to go out with him from Edmonton to the plains and camp in his lodge with the assurance that I would get all the hunting I so greatly desired.

Todd's wife was a consumptive and they were going out to winter on the plains with the hope that it would cure her. She was a full sister of a half-breed named Godin, who had brutally murdered his wife the year before on the banks of the Saskatchewan below Edmonton. He had settled the matter according to the custom at that time by giving the father of his murdered wife six horses as compensation. As the mounted police were expected to come into the country shortly and might take the matter up, Godin's friends got quite excited. I remember Todd becoming quite indignant at the bare mention of such a possibility. The matter had been settled according to the custom, he said and there would be trouble if the police interfered. However, he was arrested four years later and taken to Winnipeg for trial, but was released again, the Roman Catholic priests and others taking the case up in his favor. I imagine that the authorities of the time came to the conclusion that it would be as well to let "sleeping dogs lie" as hundreds of crimes of various kinds had been committed prior to the advent of the police and it would be impossible to make any sort of satisfactory investigation into them.

The half-breeds were satisfied that a new order of things were coming and were prepared to conduct themselves accordingly. It was a case of "The King is dead, long live the King" but dividing line between the old and the new order should not be crossed.

When starting for the plains south of Fort Edmonton I left my cart behind me and brought a flat sleigh, which was very much like a large toboggan and which slipped easily over the top of the snow. I also brought what I considered was plenty of provisions, including flour, plenty of tea, pemmican, dried buffalo meat, etc., all of which could be bought from the Hudson's Bay Company, also buffalo fat or tallow and marrow fat. These last mentioned were always put up in bladders, extended to about eight inches in diameter. The marrow fat was really quite a superior article, being somewhat granular with a decided yellow tinge and not so hard as the other.

However, I had not taken into consideration the half-breed custom of starting out with only a few days provisions on hand, depending entirely upon what they could kill for their support. Todd's provisions soon gave out and as a matter of course mine began to go the same way. Small game of various kinds helped out, but as the buffalo had not come north that winter as usually expected our larder soon began to get somewhat depleted. Our difficulties were also added to by the fact that Todd was compelled to travel slowly on account of his wife's illness.

About this time two white men, Add Mc----- and Dutch Charley, caught up with us and invited me to go along with them. As they travelled fast I decided to go, expecting to come back to Todd with meat in a few days. After about two days travel we camped in the Hand Hills on top of

the highest hill in sight and one which had a plentiful supply of timber on the north side of it. From our point of vantage we could see for miles and in fact before our lodge was quite set up a buffalo appeared grazing around two buttes, similar to the one we were on with timber on the north side of them, and not more than three-quarters of a mile away, so I took my rifle and started off to try and get him. Upon getting to the first butte I was quite disappointed as I could not see the buffalo. I walked all around the first clump of timber, possibly an acre, then went on to the second hill. While standing there I heard a crackling in the timber I had just left and turned around in time to see my buffalo coming out on the run. As he was heading in my direction I dropped out of sight until he got into the depression between the two hills. I then ran to the brow of the hill and got behind a clump of brush. In a few minutes he came cantering up and passed on the run within just a few steps of where I knelt. I shot him and he passed by. He ran to the brow of the hill - pitched forward on his breast and rolled to the bottom.

It was my first buffalo and I was greatly elated. He looked as big as an elephant to me as he passed by. My friends were pleased also. We dressed him that evening, taking the best of the meat to camp with us and the balance I put strychnine in for the benefit of the wolves. He was in very good shape for a bull out alone, as animals of this description are generally in poor condition being usually old and weak - being driven out of the herd by the younger and more vigorous bulls.

The weather was fine and clear, but bitterly cold with always more or less wind which kept the tops of the hills swept clear of snow, so

that our horses had plenty of feed without having to paw for it. The following day as we could see no buffalo in sight Add and I determined to hunt as far south as possible and be back by night. We shot one buffalo on our way, but found that he was too old and thin to be of any use. We kept on until fairly late when seven buffalo came feeding over a hill. As it was all open country we could not approach them and so we lay still, hoping they might disappear in some hollow and thus give us a chance. As they did not do so and it was getting late we decided to try a long shot at them. Of course, we had to take off our mittens to shoot and in the short time it took Add to fire two or three times with his Winchester his fingers were frost-bitten. The winter before he came near to losing a foot by frost bite and was in consequence very nervous. He grew highly excited when he noticed his hand and exclaimed "Oh, Donald, what will I do to save my hand?" I took a handful of snow, rubbed his fingers vigorously for a while - took his gun and told him to slap his hands about for a time and they would be all right. This proved to be the case and shortly we were on our way again.

We had delayed too long as it was and darkness came down quickly on us so we feared it might be difficult to locate our lodge. I could see what looked like a bright light ahead of us and remarked that Charley had left the lodge cover open so that the light would guide us. Imagine our consternation when we discovered that we were heading for a bright star just coming up over a hill. Fortunately for us when we were nearly past our camp Charley came out to get some wood and we caught the flash of the

camp fire as he threw back the flap. If he had not done so it is hard to say what might have happened as it was fully thirty miles to timber in the direction we were heading. I was careful in the future to be within a reasonable distance of camp at nightfall.

We could see every sign of a blizzard coming so we hurriedly moved our lodge to the foot of the hill on the north side where we not only had the advantage of shelter but carried our wood down-hill instead of up. There we passed Christmas of 1872 and one of our tid-bits was a chunk of wolf-fat each. Thanks to my strychnine bait I had got three large grey wolves. They were very fat and it was the regular thing to render out the back fat and eat it as a relish with our leaner buffalo meat. I think that in cold countries where the diet is practically all meat the human system requires a good deal of fat, personally I used to detest it, but on occasions I could take a large chunk of wolf fat, and not only eat it, but enjoy it.

The blizzard developed all right with blinding intensity but we were snug and comfortable in the shelter we had picked. We heard afterwards that seven or eight Indian lodges camped some distance to the south of us and had their lodges blown down and they just simply had to lie where they were for between two or three days until the storm abated.

Between Christmas and New Years four young Indians (bloods) came to our lodge. They were on foot and told us they had no food and were hungry so we gave them a piece of the buffalo I had killed.

Fortunately for me, I had determined to go back and join Todd again and bring some of the buffalo meat along with me. So I left and camped

that night in a point of timber and rejoined Todd the following day. While I had been gone an Indian and his squaw had camped alongside of Todd and his wife. I do not know whether they were relatives or not, but they were certainly very friendly with us as long as I remained there. A day or so later and Charley came along with a single horse hauling their effects on the way back to Edmonton. It seems that our friendly Indians to whom we had given the buffalo meat were out on a horse-stealing expedition and had stolen three of their horses and would have made away with the fourth one also except for the fact that it happened to be near camp. They followed the Indians for some distance in an effort to recover the stolen animals but were unable to catch up.

I found out afterwards that it was always well to watch your animals closely. If a few bucks came along as they did in this case, it was almost certain that they were out on a horse-stealing expedition. They always traveled light with just their guns and hair lariat, hidden under their blankets.

It was a week or ten days before we moved south. With Todd and his wife, the friendly Indians and his squaw headed for the camping grounds where I had weathered out the blizzard with and Charley. My object in this case was the hope of finding some more dead wolves by the bait. On visiting it, however, there was not a scrap of dead buffalo to be seen. Instead there were two dead Indian dogs and the ashes of a number of camp fires. Evidently a camp of starving Indians had been there and they had used up what meat was left. I was told that the strychnine could be boiled out of the meat but nevertheless I was pretty anxious for a few days as I thought if any Indians

had gone the same way as their dogs it might prove to be an unhealthy quarter for me.

After a few days we heard of a camp of half-breeds who had been south of the Red Deer River and were returning north with a plentiful supply of buffalo meat. As I had some tea left we rode over to their camp and I traded some of it for a quarter of meat.

A day or two later, Todd and the Indian determined to go on a buffalo hunt, I of course accompanying them. They asked that we should leave all of the meat with the two women as we were sure of getting buffalo further south. To this, I consented and the following morning, after a somewhat scanty breakfast we started on what proved to be the hardest and most miserable trip I ever took. It was bitterly cold, snowing and drifting with the wind in our faces. The Indian took the lead riding a buffalo horse of Todd's. We followed with the flat sleighs with a lodge and all the firewood we could carry. How the Indian ever contrived to keep his course I am unable to say because between snow and drift no land marks could be seen. In fact, at times we could hardly see the person ahead of us. We kept on until night fall when we camped in a somewhat sheltered hollow, pitched our lodge and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, making a small fire to help out a bit. We had nothing to eat, which did not help to make matters any pleasanter. I think Todd felt the intense cold as much as I did. It was a case of either one of us hugging the little fire, off and on all night. What surprised me was to see the Indian strip off such clothing as he had on,

wrap himself up in his buffalo robe and sleep like a top all night. Even the horses felt the cold as they came up and stood in the lee of the lodge for shelter, the only night I knew them to do so.

The next morning with nothing to cook, we were soon off. We left the lodge standing where it was. The Indian took the land, riding Todd's buffalo runner. We followed with the sleighs to take back the meat. It was afternoon before we sighted buffalo. The Indian had a long hard run before he killed one. It takes a good running horse to catch up with a young cow. The Indian and Todd made a satisfactory meal on the raw meat but hungry and all as I was, I could not eat any.

We soon had the animal cut up, loaded on the sleighs and struck back for camp. I would hesitate to say how much meat we ate that night. We had a number of pieces on sticks roasting before the fire. When cooked to our liking it soon disappeared, another piece taking its place. This was kept up for an hour or more.

As the weather had moderated a good deal we passed a fairly comfortable night, made an early start the next morning, and got back to the lodges about sundown. We had used up all the provisions I had brought from Edmonton and for sometime we had depended entirely on what we could kill. In consequence it was always either a feast or a famine and from what I could make out nearly all the half breeds and Indians were in the same position. There was plenty of buffalo south of the Red Deer River but the half breeds and Crees did not seem to be at all anxious to go south

into the Blood and Blackfoot country until a good force of them had gathered and were moving south - all of them on pretty short commons, we camped one night alongside of a pretty deep coulee, which sometimes run across the country for miles and in the present case had plenty of timber in it. So, I went down to bring up firewood, I saw a big porcupine but as I considered it to be useless I passed it by. A little Indian boy came along and at once attacked it. As he was too small to kill it I killed it for him. I then got my wood and went back to camp. Apparently the porcupine incident had got there ahead of me. The Indian squaw was in the lodge with Todd's wife and they were apparently discussing my utter uselessness as a provider. They put their hands up to their mouths and made a peculiar clucking sound in their throats, would finish up with "moonias" which is simply Cree for "greenhorn". This they did two or three times and I must say that I never saw contempt more plainly expressed in the eyes of anyone as in the eyes of those Indians as though to say "we have no meat in the lodge--the idea of a grown man passing by a fat porcupine and letting a little Indian boy get it." I kept a sharp lookout for porcupine after that, hoping to redeem myself in their eyes. I soon got one but doubt if it helped any and as a matter of fact, I came to the conclusion that if I had to be a partaker in the feast, I did not want redemption.

In our move southwards we got into the vicinity of a Sarcee camp and as I expressed a wish to go into their camp and see them at home a young half-breed agreed to go with me. He warned me, however, that I must go with a blanket around me Indian fashion. It seemed that the Sarcees

depended entirely on dogs for transportation, large savage huskies, part wolf and part dog and as they might attack a white man it might go hard with him. Going into their camp, somewhat nervously I must say on account of the warning about the dogs, I suddenly felt a sharp nip on the calf of my leg. Feeling sure it was a dog I jumped around quickly. There, to my astonishment was a little boy, evidently greatly delighted with himself, squatted on his haunches, grinning all over and thumb up to his nose in the most approved fashion. I might deceive the dogs with the blanket evidently, but not the boy.

We were received very cordially in the chief's lodge and it was both the largest and most comfortable lodge I had seen. The squaws had a large pot boiling on the fire with buffalo meat, blood and I don't know what else in it and after we had shaken hands with every brave in the lodge the squaws came and handed each of us a cup. Just then one Indian, who I suppose had been missed in the general hand-shaking came and held out his hand. Thinking he wanted the cup I held it out to him. With a look of disgust plainly evident on his face, he turned around and sat down again. Seeing my mistake I jumped up at once and went and shook hands with him, which apparently made it all right. Our cups were then filled from the pot and I enjoyed it very much, although I dare say if I had inquired too closely into its composition I might not have liked it as well.

Speaking of Indians showing offence I recall an incident that happened to an old neighbor of mine who had been a member of the Quebec battalion. Seeing the Indian steerman in the boat he was in, enjoying the pipe, my

friend asked him for a smoke. The pipe was passed without a word. My friend, after very carefully wiping the mouthpiece, proceeded to smoke. Apparently the wiping process must have offended the steerman, for on the pipe being passed back, he looked by friend straight in the eye and deliberately broke the mouthpiece off, threw the piece away and put the pipe back in his pocket without a word.

The Indians and half-breeds were always scouting around looking for buffalo. One of them reported several hundred of them were feeding a day's march to the east. So camp was struck at once and moved that way. About nightfall one of the breeds wounded a buffalo. He said it could not possibly live more than two or three hours, so the next morning, as it had run in the direction we were going, we followed its tracks and came on the dead animal a little before noon. All hands being short of provisions, camp was made at once, and meat cooking became general. The buffalo could not have been dead more than twelve or fourteen hours, but decomposition sets in very quickly when the entrails are not removed. One could actually pull the uncooked meat off this animal to pieces with the fingers and the taint was quite strong but I heard no complaints.

After about an hour we moved on as we were not far from where the buffalo herd had been seen. Upon locating them a conference was held at which time was decided that those who had good running horses should make a wide detour and come on the buffalo from the opposite side so that when they started to run they might head towards camp and give as many as possible a chance for a shot. I took the direction which we thought the buffalo

would take when started, a number of the others doing the same. Sure enough when the riders attacked the herd, they came in our direction, three or four hundred of them, closely bunched and going at a tremendous pace. They passed within about seventy yards of us. I was successful in dropping a fine young cow with a shot from my rifle as they went by. However, we did not have as much meat as one might imagine. The rule on the plains being that all who assisted at the dressing of an animal were entitled to a share of the meat.. This was a faithfully observed custom and several of the unsuccessful ones assisted us. I remember some time later, when Todd and I were unsuccessful, we assisted at an Indian kill. Our help was cordially received, almost as if we were the benefactors and we were sent away with a generous supply of meat.

We then moved down to the Red Deer River where buffalo and other game was plentiful so that it was a continual feast. Still, small game was not despised. One of the half-breeds found a couple of beaver and I learned something about digging out beaver. He proceeded to cut holes in the ice opposite the entrance to the houses, went away for a few hours, and came back with a number of sharpened stakes. When he was fairly sure that the beaver were in their dens he drove the stakes quickly into the mud, thus blocking up the entrance and making prisoners of the beaver. He invited Todd and me to assist in digging them out, promising that we would get a share in the meat, which the Indians looked upon as a great delicacy. The first house was a small one and all though frozen hard, we dug it out quickly and got one beaver. The next one was quite large and yielded two beaver, but we certainly earned them as we were chopping the

frozen ground for the best part of the day before we got them. I found that amongst these people, everything that walked and some things that didn't were eatable, big or little, inside and out, nothing was wasted. I had tried most of it but I was a good deal like the Yankee, who could eat crow and said; "I kin eat crow, but I don't hanker after it."

It was now early in March of 1873 and quite a large part of breeds and Indians had gathered together south of the Red Deer River, intending to visit one of the nearest trading posts south of the Bow River. At that time the only white men between the Red Deer and the boundary line were American whiskey traders and wolfers. It may not be amiss to mention that for the whole distance to the Bow River, a little better than two days' travel, I never saw cattle thicker in any pasture than the buffalo herds we encountered. There must have been tens of thousands of them. We traveled in an open space not much more than half a mile across. The buffalo opened out in front of us as we passed.

After crossing the Bow River and when within about two miles of the trading post the party halted and proceeded to spruce up a bit according to their individual notions. The Indians all produced red and blue paint, with which they painted their faces, on arriving at the post I found it was not a pretentious building at all, although a fair sized one, and built strongly of logs surrounded by a balustrade. It was an outpost of Healy and Hamilton's and managed by a Mr. Davis and my experience of him was that he was a very kindly hospitable man. I told him that I did not intend to return to Edmonton but was going to continue on to Fort Benton, Montana. He, however, advised me strongly against going on alone. The

Indians met would be Bloods and Blackfeet, he said, and as they might be the worse of liquor, it would be very dangerous to say the least. He then cordially invited me to stay at the post until their wagons came along for the furs. I accepted his very kind offer which gave me a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with conditions generally.

The post consisted of three rooms, general living room and cooking room, store room and trading room. Along the front of the latter was a passage way about seven or eight feet wide, into this the Indians came to do their trading. It was connected to the trading room which could be let down quickly in an emergency. I was told that on no condition must Indians be allowed inside. I suggested that in case they determined to get in, the roof did not seem to offer any great obstacle to them. They just laughed and said that way had been tried once or twice but the defenders "lit the candles for them" and it was never tried now. "Lighting the candles for them" it seemed, consisted in shooting through the roof with Winchester rifles whenever footsteps were heard above which proved effective. The garrison consisted of six men which included the manager and interpreter. The interpreter was a negro. I was told that the negroes master the Indian language more quickly and easily than the white man. Of course, liquor was the greatest trading article at the post. This, as made up, consisted of ten gallons of alcohol to a forty-gallon barrel filled with water and colored with burnt sugar.

One day a minor chief of the Bloods came in to trade. He had quite a retinue with him and I watched the proceedings with a good deal of interest. They were not at all hurried in their trading. Apparently there

was not trouble about ammunition for the Indians knew what they wanted and got it, but after that it was a continual wrangle with the squaws who did occasionally win out and get a bright piece of apparel or something else they wanted.

Generally, however, a small keg and buffalo robe was passed in. Into the keg a half gallon of liquor was poured, which was the value of a robe at the post. This worked out at between fifty and sixty dollars for each gallon of alcohol. I counted particularly and keg and buffalo robe were passed in eighteen different times. This was a very fair sample of the trading usually done. The Indians were not encouraged to drink around the post, rather the reverse, but liquor was the cause of many bloody forays in their own lodges. I was told by one man who claimed to have taken particular pains to verify the statement that seventy of the Bloods were killed during a single winter in drunken quarrels among themselves.

I was also told of a family of Bloods called the Mule family. At one time they numbered twenty-eight lodges approximately between fifty and sixty fighting men. A feud broke out between them and another branch of the same tribe and at the time I speak of the Mule family had been reduced to two lodges and the survivors had taken refuge in the South Piegion camp in order to avoid complete extinction.

One day a small party of Indians came into trade. Among them was a fine looking young fellow. His thumb and wrist had been split open by a knife thrust and he was in bad shape. He also had a bullet hole through the point of his shoulder which was not yet healed up--enough for

any one man one would think. I watched them as they rode away after completing their trading. When a mile or two out I noticed a puff of smoke and after a while the wounded Indian rode back with a bullet hole in his chest. His wound was dressed by Mr. Davis and a bed made for him. He was at the post for several weeks, receiving every possible attention. He may have been quarrelsome, but he showed gratitude for the treatment received, as he sent Mr. Davis a present of a fine horse after he left.

One more instance of the effect of the whiskey trade on the Indians. A Blood chief named Maycasto had brought a considerable quantity of liquor back to his camp with him and of course they celebrated when they got there. After the festivities had got pretty well along a few of the young fellows thought they would have a bit of fun at the old chief's expense. So one said, "Old Maycasto is too drunk now to help himself and he has been pretty mean to us sometimes; we will tie him up and get even with him." They made a laughing move toward him, but the chief drew his revolver and in less time than it takes to tell there were two dead Indians and several more wounded. Through the liquor trade these southern Indians were much better armed than the Crees. A good many had-----flint lock guns.

Among those who came into the post, I took particular notice of a young squaw. She had a dress of a very light colored and well turned buckskin. It was made to conform to the shape of the body. It was trimmed with the usual fringe but had also a double row of elk's teeth in a semi-circle beneath the neck and quite a number on the sleeves. Taken all in all it was quite a spectacular looking dress and one that would have attracted attention anywhere. The dress also proclaimed that the husband was a mighty hunter.

The cook at the post was a Spaniard. He was a surly brute and carried his revolver strapped to his side as regularly and continually as any of his other apparel appeared. He had a young squaw, a mere child, whom he was whipping brutally one day. I tried to make him stop but he turned on me with a snarl and a movement of his hand towards his belt. "Don't you try to come in this, it is none of your d___d business", he said. So, I wisely concluded to leave and went out. There seemed to be a different feeling amongst a good many of those men to anything which I had been used to. The only other white inhabitants were wolfers for miles around. Those men, like the liquor traders, outfitted at Benton and came north well prepared for the business in which they were engaged. The outfit included horse wagons, running horses, Winchester rifles and a goodly supply of strychnine. They generally worked in couples, although they might sometimes have an extra man or two along to do camp work and skin wolves. They operated some distance apart. Each outfit killed twenty-five or thirty buffalo for bait and these animals were well opened up and two bottles of strychnine (one-eighth ounce each) put into every carcass. The bait would be scattered over a district possibly two townships or more in extent. In some cases more than one hundred wolves have been poisoned around a single bait and as these skins were worth from \$2.50 to \$3.00 each at Benton it was quite a profitable and attractive business for adventurous spirits. It was not, however, without a spice of danger. One outfit operating to the northeast of where Calgary now stands had been attacked by Indians, one of their number killed and the others driven away, leaving a large number of wolves unskinned.

One day a German, known as the "Big-Headed Dutchman" came to the post, his wife (a squaw) and several children along with him. He said that he had been over the district where these wolfers had been and that he knew of between forty and fifty wolves lying there unskinned. He did not like to risk going after them alone, but if any one went with him he would go. After some conversation I agreed to go along with him on the understanding that we were to work separately and that we should both skin wolves as long as there were any in sight. I was told at the post that my companion had a rather unsavory reputation but I decided to take a chance. We started the following morning with just our saddle horses, crossed the Bow River and got to the first bait about nightfall. Around it there must have been the carcasses of between forty and fifty wolves, and all skinned, and on less than an acre of ground. My companion assured me that the wolves which he had seen were all within a radius of a couple of miles or so. From this I gathered that after the trouble with the Indians the wolfers had hurriedly skinned the wolves in the immediate vicinity of the baits and then left.

The following morning we started skinning. Wolves were scattered here and there, seldom more than a mile from the bait. Toward noon while I was skinning a wolf the Dutchman passed me, seemingly in a hurry. When I had finished I followed and soon found the reason for the haste. Just as I came over the hill I saw my companion busily gathering wolves together--he must have had seven or eight of them piled up. There was another wolf some distance away and he started on the run to get that one also without ever looking in my direction. I at once knew that his

actions meant that our agreement was at an end. I rode down quickly, dismounted, laid my rifle alongside me and began making motions as if I were skinning. He was bent over by this time, dragging the other wolf along, but happening to look up he saw me and began yelling at the top of his voice that those were his wolves. I yelled back, "That's played out, Dutchman. I found this bunch." He came running towards me and when within about sixty yards drew his revolver. I had hardly anticipated that, but I picked up my rifle quickly, cocked it, and had it levelled across my knee when he came up. I did not want to hurt him, if I could get out of it, but I was not going to be shot up if I knew anything about it. He came up to within about thirty yards of me, stood for a minute and then quietly slipped his revolver back into his pocket.

"I gathered these wolves together", he said, "There are four more just over the hill; you can go and skin them."

"All right", I answered "but this is not according to our understanding; however, since you are so mean about it, you can have this bunch whether the others are there or not."

He had evidently looked around fairly closely when he had passed through before because I found the four wolves as he stated. I had them skinned and started back before he was through. I had been thinking the matter over in the meantime and although I did not consider myself to blame I felt very much ashamed at the idea of going back to the post and telling them of our quarrel. It was a case of two men all alone in a place where, to say the least, we would be in extreme danger should the Indians come along on the same quest. So I rode back to the Dutchman and said in as friendly a manner as possible - "Well, have you got over being angry yet?"

He looked at me as savagely as one of the beasts which he was skinning might have done. So I said, "I see you have not" and rode on feeling as if I were in a strange country and as a matter of fact I was, north of the Red Deer River was a fairly orderly country consisting of Cree Indians, half breeds, the Hudson's Bay Company and British trades; south of the Red Deer River were Bloods, Blackfeet, Whiskey traders, Wolfers and American western influence-chaos in fact.

We kept apart after that, both skinning industriously until near night. I then went back to our camp, determined that if at all possible we would not go back to the post as open enemies at any rate. The Dutchman was there when I got in and somewhat reluctantly met my advances. He thawed out after a bit and then began telling me how angry he was when he saw my rifle cocked and pointed at him, apparently not giving a thought to the fact that he had drawn his revolver first. He said that it was all that he could do to keep from shooting me in the back when I passed him. He swore positively that if it had been either a half-breed or an Indian he would have shot without hesitation. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that Todd's wife and the friend were not far out when they called me greenhorn.

However, I was very much pleased to find that I had as many skins as the Dutchman--twenty-one each. We got back to the post the following day when our skins were tacked up and stretched on the walls. Mr. Davis allowed us two dollars each for them. I did not mention the quarrel and I do not think that the Dutchman did because no one said a word about it.

As the wagons were not expected for some time yet, and two men came along on their way to Whoop-up I decided to accompany them. Both were Americans, one a white man and the other a half-breed, named Starr. He generally acted as interpreter for some of the traders. Our trail to the south led directly through what is now the Town of High River. After passing that point we turned more to the east, heading straight for Whoop-up. We were passing through a dry country and were sometimes short of water. On one such occasion Starr went out and killed a buffalo calf only a few days old. He opened it up and took out the stomach, which was found to contain nearly a gallon of clear looking milk, and of this both my companions drank heartily. As they seemed to enjoy it I partook also, my greatest objection being to the container. This I spread out as much as possible, so as not to touch my cheeks. The milk itself was just plain curdled milk and to thirsty men it was quite palatable. What struck me as strange was that although I had read of dozens of western stories I had never seen such an incident mentioned. I tried it afterwards myself but the calf I killed was a week or two older and the milk was unfit for use, being full of hair from the mother's udder. I found that a young buffalo calf never runs away very far when one chased the mother. They would lie down flat in the grass and when one rode up to them they would jump up and run in between the horses legs, apparently thinking the mother had come back. I had to get off my horse once in a hurry as the animal seemed to be frightened quite out of its wits. The calf followed me right into camp.

We arrived at Whoop-up without any other incident worth recording. This was the headquarters of Healy and Hamilton. It was quite a pretentious post and situated at the junction of the Belly and St. Mary Rivers. From Whoop-up I later made my way over to Fort Benton across to Oregon and up into British Columbia, where I made my home.

DONALD GRAHAM

H U N T I N G E X P E R I E N C E S

WHITE TAILED DEER

(Typed from original handwritten manuscript)

When I rode to the cattle ranch of Siebon Bros. south of the Missouri, I was looking for accommodation for the night, but when they offered me a few weeks work I was more than pleased to accept their offer.

They had a younger brother, Jake, who had just come from the East a short time before. His brothers were anxious and willing to help him some way and sold him a nice bunch of yearling heifers. He could not do better than engage in this line of business and he could pay for the heifers by labor or otherwise, when or how he pleased.

They needed at the time eight or ten thousand rails. Jake decided that he would cut the rails. When he got ready to go to the mountains about ten miles to the south he asked me to go with him and assist in the cutting. Fir, cedar or poplar was mentioned - they were not very particular. We scouted around for a day or two and found quite an acreage of lodge-pole pine. They should do, he thought, so we made camp in a nearby gulch with a creek of running water, and made a start on the cutting at once. We were making fine progress for a few days. When as this particular variety of wood had not been mentioned, he concluded it would be as well to ride out and see whether it would suit them. Axe in hand, I accompanied him to the mouth of the gulch. After he rode away, I stood for a few minutes looking around as I had decided that the following day, during Jake's absence I would hunt for deer as we needed fresh camp meat. To the left lay a bowl like stretch of open prairie with a single bush showing about the center of it. How the thought came to me I do not know but it was, "tomorrow when Jake is getting back. I will have shot two deer and placed them in that bush. I then continued to our work in the other

direction. Next morning gun in hand, I went out and turned in the direction of the bush. When I got there, I found although it looked like level prairie from a distance, the bush was valley on the side of a gulch. So I kept a sharp lookout as I walked down it - perhaps my two deer may be here. I climbed up the other side of it. The very first thing I noticed was a small bunch of deer coming over the top of the far ridge. I drew back out of sight at once and lay down to watch them. There were seven or eight of them about one-half mile away. They were coming quite slowly - feeding as they came. I watched them for quite a while, until I was satisfied that they would come to the gulch, a good bit lower down. So I walked down some distance and then moved very carefully to the top again. I selected a big bunch of grass to look through, the deer were still some distance away. I watched until they got to within about one hundred yards of me. I took careful aim at the best looking doe in the bunch, and pulled the trigger. I knew at once by the hump which the doe gave as they started to run that she was my meat.

My rifle, although a breech loader, was a single shooting Smith and Wesson, the shell ejector, in poor condition and slow at its best. The deer must have been two hundred yards away before I fired the second shot. I was in luck, however, as one of them at once left the others and ran back in the direction from which they had come. It ran several hundred yards and then laid down. I took as careful note as possible of the spot, and followed the others back up the gulch. I found the doe quite dead, and

within a few yards of the bush. I dressed it and put the carcass in the bush, not because of my thought, but it was the only place where I could put it so as to have some protection from the hot sun, and also from prowling coyotes with the entrails so close by.

I then walked out to where I had seen the other deer lay down. I walked all around the place without seeing a sign of it. I had just come to the conclusion that it must have got up and moved further away when up it jumped within thirty yards of me. I was so surprised that I did not even attempt to shoot at it. It did not run over seventy yards when it laid down again evidently punch shot but pretty far gone. I could not understand how I missed seeing it so I walked up to where it had laid, nothing at all to hide it that I could see. The grass was not more than a foot high - certainly the same general color of the deer, but nothing further. So I walked forward again, a good bit mystified. I stopped when positive that it was within a few feet of me and again I could not make it out with fine eye sight also - better than common. Up it jumped within twenty-five or thirty feet of me. Being prepared I shot it at once. Skinned it as deer skins were worth a dollar each and threw the skin on top of the doe. When I got back to camp, Jake was there. He said he heard me shoot and tried to make me hear but failed. I might have thought that I had been given some strange power of direction, but if so, it was the one and only time, so I came to the conclusion that it was merely an accident; although a somewhat unusual one.

DONALD GRAHAM

HUNTING EXPERIENCES - BIGHORN SHEEP

(Typed from original handwritten manuscript)

Jake had still one or two gulches which he wished to look into so he said he would explore them the following day and then go back into the Missouri. As there were some Bighorn up on top of the range, I decided to try for one whilst he was looking for timber. The next morning, I wandered some distance to the east when the climbing was easier and struck for the summit. It took me nearly until noon to get to the top and a pretty arduous half day's work it was. When I crossed the divide, I found myself looking into a somewhat rough bit of country, a valley possibly a half mile wide, covered with boulders and scattered timber. As I had brought some lunch with me, I sat down to eat it whilst I scanned the scene in front of me for signs of life. I examined it thoroughly over and over again and had about come to the conclusion that I had to fare further, when I suddenly noticed a movement on the far side of the valley. After waiting patiently for sometime five or six bighorn came into plain view possibly about a half mile away. A difficult place to approach them from where I was with the wind in the wrong direction also. So I went back over the summit and went to the west intending to try my luck from the opposite side of the valley. After going about a half mile or so, I came to what I thought must be the head of the gulch we were camped in, steep and all as it was down below, it was far steeper up here. Not only was it uncommonly steep but it was covered with a bed of hard frozen slippery snow with a big rock rising perpendicularly at the top. I did not

like the looks of it at all but could see no other way of getting where I wished to go unless by making a somewhat long journey around. It would have been easy enough to pass to the south of the rock but to do that would place me in plain view of the sheep and my labor would have been all in vain. I finally decided to try the slippery snow and felt quite encouraged when I found that I could drive the heels of my boots into it, so I started across. It was not more than twenty-five or thirty yards to where the going would be quite easy. I got along fine until I got into the shadow of the big rock. There I found the snow much harder - my heels making very little impression on it, in fact I had taken no more than the second or third step until my feet flew from under me and down I came flat on my back. I struck my heels desperately into the snow, but could make but little impression on it, so I brought my rifle down with a crash in front of me - the sharp point of the heel plate doing what my heels failed to do and very thankful I was when I found myself stopped. The snow was so hard and slippery that every movement threatened to start me again. I looked down the steep slope at the timber sixty yards or more below and felt certain that with a good start I would be going like a bullet out of a rifle by the time I got there and with what consequences I hardly dared think. I reached very carefully for my hunting knife and dug a hole with it in the snow along side of me. I then pulled up one foot and got it into the hole, pleased is no name for the way I felt - until then I felt as if I were facing almost certain death. Not a step forward did I make after that until I had dug out a step ahead. I soon got across but felt quite a bit shaken by my experience, however, I soon

got over it and then begin to think of my rifle in spite of the crash with which I had brought it down, I found it was all right. So I took up my stalk of the sheep again. It was no trouble at all from the west side of the valley, only move carefully and quietly. When I got opposite to where I knew they were, I crept to the top of the ridge, taking off my hat before I got there as every inch of additional exposure counts, in approaching those wary animals. They were just about 150 yards away, a few lying down, others standing and one or two nibbling at what was around them. So, I selected a nice looking ram and aiming at his shoulder pulled the trigger. At the report, the others were up and out of sight in a twinkling almost. But, the ram did not run more than forty or fifty yards until he dropped. On dressing him, I was surprised that he should have died so quickly. My bullet had taken him low down on the chest. It had entered the forward cavity but that was all. It passed clean through him but so low that it ploughed a space through the bottom of the chest without in so far as I could see injuring any of the vital organs. I do not know whether white tail deer have greater vitality than bighorn but I remember killing a four point buck on one occasion and he ran a good 125 yards after the bullet struck and he was shot clean through the heart which shows a wonderful difference in the vitality of animals.

DONALD GRAHAM

FLOATING ICE

(Typed from original handwritten manuscript)

When our party arrived at the last crossing of the North Thompson River on our way to Kamloops well on in November, winter was evidently not far off. The deciduous trees had shed their leaves, and snow had been creeping down the mountains daily. We knew that any morning we might wake up to find snow on the ground. We had been up to the summit of the Rocky Mountains doing survey work. As the river was not fordable at this point, a boat was left there so that parties like ours could ferry their own supplies across. Since there was quite a bit of floating ice coming down the river, the Cargodore of the mule train, expressed himself as being pleased to be across. If the flow of ice increased to any extent, the mules would be unable to swim and we might have been compelled to stay there until the river froze over. The following morning as usual, the cook riding the Bell mare led the procession. After the train had gone, we were supposed to take up the rear - all of us carrying our axes in case the trail might have been blocked by falling timbers. McRae, one of our party remarked, "my feet are blistered, tramping this trail all the way from Mt. Summit. I am fed up with it, why not take the boat and travel in comfort to Kamloops?" One or two at once objected. We might get into trouble to do that. Any other party would have trouble crossing if the boat was gone. In an instant support came from Murphs, a big young American, "why not, this is the last party out of the mountains." Turning

to his chum, George, "grab hold of this poor chap, his feet are blistered and he can't walk". So seven careless young fellows got right into it and moved off.

The flow of ice had increased a little during the night but not enough to bother us at all. After an hour or more, however, when we passed the mouth of the Clearwater River, the flow of ice from it added to the flow in the Thompson very materially so that we did not feel at all so sure. "Oh, what is the odds?" says Bite, "we can't take the boat back now. We may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. We can always take to the trail if we have to". So on we went - feeling quite happy and contented. As one of the party put it, this beats hoofing it, all to the mischief. After perhaps another hour, one of the rowers spoke up. "See here you fellows, it seems to me that we have been making very slow headway this past little while. My oar is touching nothing but ice. I think it is the trail for us, if you want any advice". We all agreed. We were just moving and that was about all. "Why in the mischief didn't you speak sooner if you were striking nothing but ice?" "It is only the last few minutes it has been like that", he said. We were just turning a bend in the river when we looked down stream. We saw at once what was wrong. About a half mile below us the river narrowed between two high rocky bluffs to about one third of its usual width and the ice was jamming there. We at once began to turn the boat to the south bank and found to our dismay that we could not do so. The ice was so thick about us and getting more of it every minute. We were within thirty feet of the north bank but a good hundred and fifty yards from the south bank where the trail

was. We tested the depth of water with an oar only to find that there was eight or nine feet of it. We certainly were a pretty well alarmed bunch by that time. We sat there for sometime without the least idea what to do. By and by, the pressure of ice from above became so great that it began to pile up seventy or eighty feet above the boat. It kept on piling up until there was a straight wall of ice facing us about three feet in height. One or two of the boys were talking about taking a chance to reach the south bank it was so close. It was with some difficulty that they were persuaded that it would be almost certain death to try it in that depth of water and on floating ice. Murph and George were casting numerous glances and remarks at McRae as it was from him the proposition to take to the boat came. The wall of ice above us finally collapsed and the whole mass began to move slowly towards us. Fortunately, when about half way it began to pile up again. Murph, the big American and his chum George jumped to their feet - murder in their eyes. "McRae, you dirty beast, you and your blistered feet is the one to blame for this. We are going to give you the first taste of the river and we will see how you make out in it." They at once began to move towards him. He jumped to his feet swinging his axe - "come along d_____ you, and see how you will make out with it". I don't know whether it was the sudden emergency which drew my eyes to them but for the first time, I noticed the bracing boards on each side of the boat. "Quit your quarreling", I called, "let us rip off those two boards, laid on top of the ice, they should bear our weight to get to the bank." No sooner mentioned than

every one in the boat was at work and the boards were off and one of them thrown out on top of the ice. There was a bit of hesitancy as to who should test it's holding qualities. At last, Jimmie O'Mara, a young Irish lad, jumped up. "All right", he said, "I will test them." "We know what is going to happen if we stay here much longer". With one hand on the gunwale of the boat he put one foot out on the board carefully testing it and then put the other one out. "It is holding", he said, "It is holding" and then, with a look of awe on his face, "Oh", he said, "I prayed so earnestly for us a little while ago. Yes, and I asked the Holy Maker to speak for us also". In a lower whisper, "still perhaps this is the answer". Murph sniggered but a quick glance from the balance of us stopped it. Jimmie straightened up, "pass on the other board and don't all of you follow me at once." In a very few minutes we were all on the bank. (Poor decent Jimmie - drowned eight months later at Kamloops). We at once got into a huddle to consider what to do. Our position was anything but a pleasant one. We were fully one hundred and fifty yards from the south or trail side of the river. Not a single mouthful of food, amongst us - no bedding and the nights cold and frosty, sixty miles to Kamloops - most of it through heavy bush and no trail. We were feeling pretty blue when one of our chaps who had been investigating on his own account came back. "See here, I have just been down to that bunch of poplar down there. Those two boards served us well, don't you think? Two poles laid on top of the ice should do better." No bunch of Beavers were ever busier than we were for a half hour or so. "Who will lay the

poles down? Don't stop to talk about it. Here are seven straws. The one who draws the longest straw will lay down the poles. You are it, Donald." "All right," I said, "fetch on your poles, but one of you might go up for those two boards and bring them down". That chap was back by the time I had four poles laid down, two side by side. That boat won't be of much use to anyone after this, it is full of ice and sunk in the water until the top of the gunwales is all that shows. The two boards were so covered up with ice I could not move them. George spoke up, "we don't know a thing about that boat, do we boys?" Not a dashed thing was the answer. We all worked the faster, we simply had to if we were going to get to camp and eat that night. The poles were slippery from the frozen dew on them. Most of the boys got more or less wet in carrying the poles out to me. A roaring fire had been built so that those who got wet might warm up for a minute or two. For sometime I had been listening to ominous crackling sounds down at the jam and watching it closely. When at last I began to see ice floating away from it freely. I sent backward for all of them to come right out and bring what poles they could along with them, that the jams was breaking up. They lost no time in getting out and the poles were laid down quickly. I had been testing the water and knew it was not deep so at the end of the last two poles I jumped right into the water. It was just about mid high deep. We got to the bank with a lot of stepping and splashing. I do not think that there could be a dry stitch of clothing amongst us. I looked back from the bank. The poles in midstream were in a most decided bow shape and were separating fast. Tired and cold as we were, we made wonderful time along the trail. It must have been well towards midnight when we got into camp. The good old cook, Douglas, was waiting for us.

He looked up - surprised when he saw us. "What's up? Oh, an accident, was it? Hurry up and change. Your things are all in the big tent. I have to be cooking by five o'clock."

I walked down to look at the river next morning. It was flowing full of ice from bank to bank. We had won safely across but only by a short five or ten minutes. I walked back feeling very humble and very, very thankful to our ever ruling providence.

DONALD GRAHAM